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THE LEHIGH BURR



JANUARY 1934 TWENTYFIVE CENTS



Copyright, 1933, The
American Tobacco Company

THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE

Reach for a Lucky. for always Luckies Please



Didja ever
 Have to write a page
 As an introduction
 To a humor magazine
 And when ya come to
 Write it you found
 That you didn't have anything
 That you thought was
 Funny and you
 Banged away
 At a typewriter
 And wrote something
 Like this which is
 Pure space filler
 Didja?

BURR BARBS

(or the inimical contents of this issue)

Cover Modelled by Norman Alper

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THE LEHIGH BURR

Vol. LI

January, 1934

No. 4

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Putnam

Bach

EDITORIAL

*The BURRgomeister and
all the BURRowers wish ye
all a most Merry Christmas,
knowing that with this issue
of the BURR Christmas can-
not be aught but merry.*



ARE WE RIGHT WHEN WE SAY

that when you come to a New York hotel whether business or pleasure bent for a day, a week, a month or longer, there are certain requirements you consider essential, certain conveniences you have every reason to expect, and still other features that, while not imperative, do add immeasurably to your comfort. We pride ourselves on the fact that so many people always return to the Hotel Times Square. The obvious reason is that our service, our facilities and our location meet the demands of a great majority of visitors to New York.

You Will Appreciate the Fact That

our rooms are bright and airy, our beds are superlatively comfortable, there is an R.C.A. radio in every room and reading lamps, full length mirrors and other conveniences. Our baths are immaculate.

If a Convenient Location Is Important

when you stay here you are within a few minutes walk, not taxi, of all theatres, Radio city, Madison Square Garden and innumerable restaurants and night clubs, all transportation lines, subway, elevated, surface cars and buses are but a step from your front door. Excellent garage facilities are immediately adjacent, and your car will be called for and delivered.

Your Meals While You Are With Us

there are few spots in New York that are more thoroughly home-like and informal than our new Early American Grill and Restaurant. You will enjoy excellent meals well served at most reasonable prices. The special combination breakfasts, luncheons and dinners are most attractive.

A Message to Managers

we invite inquiries from managers of teams, clubs and other groups regarding special accommodations and rates.

— RATES —

Daily: From \$2.00 to \$3.00 Single; \$3.00 to \$4.00 Double
None Higher

SPECIAL WEEKLY OR MONTHLY RATES

All Expense Excursions

Room food and lots of outside entertainment for the week-end, or any two days.....\$ 5.50
Or for any three days—a full program of activity—
day or night\$10.00

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HOTEL TIMES SQUARE

Under Direction Wm. S. Brown
Times Square, New York

Progress of Civilization

1930—"I Found a Million Dollar Baby."

1931—"I Got Five Dollars."

1932—"Here It Is Monday and I've Still Got a Dollar."

1933—"Brother Can You Spare a Dime?"

1934—? ? ? ? ?

—Rammer Jammer

May we suggest "Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

Social: "I hear that you dropped some money in Wall Street. Were you a bull or a bear?"

Istic: "Neither, just a plain, simple ass."

—Phoenix

We like to know intimate details about great men—but when the New York Times Book Review prints an article entitled, "Tolstoy as His Wife Saw Him," we think that is going a little too far.

—W. P. Pointer

TRAGEDY

Ben be nimble

Ben be quick

Ben fall over the candle stick

Ben burnie.

—Orange Peel

A small boy saw an elephant in his yard and immediately called the police.

"Chief," he said, "there's a queer animal out here in my back yard. He's picking flowers with his tail."

"Yes," said the chief, "and what does he do then?"

"Never mind," was the answer, "you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

—Voo Doo

Heavenly Harangue

"Ah me!" sighed the Lord as he leaned back in his de-luxe swivel chair, planted two big feet on a littered-with-funny-papers desk and puffed meditatively on a Corona-Corona (at seventy-five cents per, all from the heavenly treasury). "This problem of guiding a universe is getting me down."

"Yes, your er er—er, O yes, your majesty," respectfully replied His efficient secretary, Gabriel, "but what fate have you decided for the latest thing in codes—N.R.A.?"

"O hell! now forget that stuff for a while, will yuh, Gabe. I'm a sick man. Look at that hand shake; I got the jitters."

"Yes again," said Gabriel with a snicker (he knew his God, and had often seen him like this on Monday mornings), "but please explain this decrease in birth rate in them there United States."

"You can explain that to the committee with the aid of the code. I could tell you the real reason, but you are such a touchy and saintly individual that I dare not go into details. Answer that phone."

"O hell," said Gabriel, thereby proving that he was just as wordy and witty as the Big Boy, "it's the Devil, and he has the nerve to challenge you to a round of golf. Shall I call out the light brigade?"

"That's just what I need to fix me up. I'll bet him the next ten souls from Bethlehem. He would probably get them anyway, but I can skin the pants off him if he insists on putting with a pitch fork. Tell Him I'll meet Him outside the Pearly Gates in ten minutes, and ask him to bring some fire water, cause that nineteenth is a bugger. S'long, Gabby."

EXIT GOD.

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Offers Four - Year Courses in
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Business Administration
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Industrial Engineering
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—
For Information Address
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J. A. TRIMBLE CO.

NEW WAY SYSTEM LAUNDRY

Bethlehem's Best Laundry
Thirteenth and Union Boulevard
PHONE 70

I've never kissed
A girl that lisped.

I've kissed the red heads,
Blonds, brunettes.
I've tasted lips
Which caused regrets.

Once, in the dark, I made a bad
slip—
I kissed a girl who had a hairlip.
I've even been so very rash
As to kiss a girl with a mustache.
I've even made passes
At girls who wear glasses;
But never kissed
A girl that lisped.

I never met
A girl that lisped.
—Black and Blue Jay

•
"Men," he cried, "there is an
announcement I want to make.
Last night my wife presented me
with a son."

The men broke ranks, cheered,
threw their hats in the air, and
general pandemonium reigned for
nearly five minutes. When order
had been restored, the Colonel,
pleased with the enthusiastic re-
ception of his announcement and
the congratulations, indicated that
he had another announcement:

"Men and officers," he said,
clearing his throat, "I thank you."
—Bored Walk

•
"Have you got your notes writ-
ten on your handkerchief?"

"Yes."
"And have you the textbook
concealed in your hat?"

"Yes."
"And did you make arrange-
ments to sit behind Fred where
you could see his paper?"

"Yes."
"Alright—let's go on to the
ethics final."

—Notre Dame Juggler

A Fair Price

Tramp: "Would you take a fel-
low's last cent for a pack of cigar-
ettes?"

Merchant: "Yes, sir! I have
none to give away."

The tramp gently picked up
the cigarettes and left his last pen-
ny on the counter.

•
Twenty: "Give me a man that's
good, and kind, and true."

Thirty: "Give me a man."
—Aggrieved

•
"There are four requisites to a
good short story," explained the
English teacher to the class. "Bre-
vity, a reference to religion, some
association with the royalty and
an illustration of modesty. Now,
with these four things in mind, I
will give you thirty minutes to
write a story."

Ten minutes later the hand of
Sandy went up.

"That is fine, Sandy," she com-
plimented, "and now read your
story to the class."

Sandy read: "My Gawd, said
the countess, take your hand off
my knee."

—Kreolite News

•
Sophomore—Where are you
from?

Freshman — Woosisville, Vir-
ginia.

Soph—One of those jerk water
towns where everyone goes to
meet the train?

Frosh—What train?
—Virginia Reel

•
A village parson's daughter
eloped in her father's clothes.
Next day the village "Blatter"
came out with an account of the
elopement. It was headed "Flees
in Father's Pants."

—Battalion

How MILD *do you want your* PIPE TOBACCO?

We think much of the talk about mildness is a bit beside the point.

We maintain *flavor* is the quality that makes you like or dislike pipe tobacco.

Of course you don't want a tobacco that will bite your tongue. Who does?

But, if you love your pipe, put real tobacco in it—get a tobacco with flavor, character, individuality. That is Edgeworth, the blend you never tire of.

Is it mild? Yes! Edgeworth is made from the mildest pipe tobacco that grows. It has genuine mildness—a combination of gentleness and body that is most difficult to secure. It does not just happen. It is a real achievement. We found the way to put it in Edgeworth and keep it there.

Try Edgeworth next time. Remember, its flavor-mildness has carried it to pipe smokers in every land. Are you not curious to try such a tobacco?

Sold everywhere in all sizes from 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin. Made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

EDGEWORTH

MADE FROM THE MILDEST PIPE TOBACCO THAT GROWS

WHAT'S THE USE

Sometimes, old pal, in the morning, when the dawn
is cold and gray,
And I lay in the perfumed feathers, thinking
thoughts I dare not say,
I think of the stunts of the night before and smile a
feeble smile,
And say to myself for the hundredth time, "Is it
really worth the while?"

Then I pick up the morning paper and see where
some saintly man,
Who never was soused in all his life and who never
said "hell" or "damn,"
Who never stayed out to the wee small hours, or
jollied a gay soubrette,
But preached on the evils of drinking—the cards—
and the cigarette.

"Cut off in the prime of a useful life," the headlines
glibly say,
Or "Snatched by the Grim Reaper," he has crossed
the great highway.
They bury him deep while a few friends weep and
the world moves on with a sigh,
And the saintly man is forgotten soon even as you
and I.

Then I say to myself: "Well, Bill, old scout, when
you are called to take the jump,
When you reach the place where the best and the
worst, must bump the eternal bump,
You can smile to yourself and chuckle, though the
path be exceedingly hot
When you were on earth you were going some, now
is that an unholy thought?"

Then I arise and attach a cracked ice-band to the
crown of my battered hat,
And saunter forth for a cold gin-fizz, she's a good
old world at that,
And I go on my way rejoicing, what's the use to
complain or sigh?
Go the route, old scout, and be merry, for tomor-
row you may die.

●
Tis better to burp and
Bear the shame
Than to swallow the burp
And bear the pain.

—Puppet

In the merry, merry year of 1934!

WITH Prohibition repealed and that old stay-awayer

Prosperity close to home again, let's make this new year a year of joy, of laughter and bereft of gloom. Let us smile and be merry forgetting the gloomy days of 1933.

The BURR plan for gloom-evasion is simple, economical and safe. In brief, send us one of your inflated dollars in return for which we'll send you five gloom deflating issues of the classic amongst college comics, that ol' debbil with the ladies THE LEHIGH BURR.



Mail your check or money to John Fugard, Sigma Nu House, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania



The recent and lamentable death of Miss Texas Guinan has recalled a saga of her tumultuous life. With all due deference we feel that it would not be amiss to repeat one at this time. Miss Guinan found it almost impossible to keep appointments on time. This did not bother her particularly till one year she decided that the demand of her public was overwhelming, and that nothing would satisfy them except a personal appearance. And so, off she went on a tour with her Forty Beautiful Girls Forty. For the first few weeks, the Forty Beautiful Girls Forty managed between them to get the Tex to the theatre on time, but soon she got the faculty of eluding them, and many were the grey hairs that stage managers around the country amassed trying to get Texas Guinan on the stage in time for the show. The climax occurred in a small mid-western town. Miss Guinan had discovered one of the old, old friends she had in almost

every hamlet, and instead of going to the theatre, she stopped to drink a glass of beer for old time's sake. Time slipped by for a while, till the stage manager realized that the main attraction not only was not dressed for her turn, but was not even in the building. He frantically called every place in town where he thought she could possibly be, and finally, one minute before she was due on the stage, he located her at the beer stube. "Tex, for God's sake, you go on in one minute," he pleaded. "Tex, your whole act is ready and you're going on in thoidy seconds. Tex, will you hurry up!" A disinterested silence answered his pleas. "Tex, for God's sake what's the matter with you Tex, you're on right now. You've been on for a minute already!!" Silence again answered him, and then Tex's voice chilled through the air, "And tell me Solly, am I getting a good hand?"

In this era of change and mutation it is refreshing to find one

bulwark of conservatism unchanged. We refer to a certain Park Avenue dowager who makes a procession down that street every afternoon at four o'clock in the same 1916 Rolls Royce driven by the same chauffer and apparently wearing the same hat. The hat is one of the Queen Mary type, sitting high on the head and skewered into place by an array of formidable hat pins. The chauffer is an elderly gent with a dislike of these new gas buggies written all over his disapproving countenance. Imagine our amazement when we observed this equipage the other day with a bright American flag brazenly flaunting itself from the irreproachable radiator cap. We were fortunate enough to see the car pause shortly after and immediately rushed over to inquire what the cause of the display was. We finally found out from the chauffer. It was the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. "Madame," he informed us reverently, "is from the South."

I Am a Fugitive

The recent repeal of prohibition led to a great deal of competition among notoriety seekers for the honor of being the first person to drink legal whiskey. The less ambitious of these contented themselves with being the first to open a bottle in the Empire Room of the Waldorf, or the first to mix a cocktail at the bar of the Ritz, or something of the sort. We award the first prize of permanent obscurity to the gentleman who laid claim the following day to being the first person after repeal to drink a rye highball in the Gentlemen's Room of the Hotel Shelton, using his left hand with which to hold the glass. Zounds, what new fields will these searchers after publicity not exploit.

Celebrity

Now that it's all over, feel a certain obligation to unburden ourselves on a subject near to our heart. We refer to the unofficial dean of men, Fred Trafford. We commend his rare tact and rarer understanding of student psychology. Respected by Lehigh men for years past, friend to those of the present, he is our idea of the perfect Superintendent of Police for the fair town of Bethlehem. The only thing we hold against him is a strong memory of the hard bologna and coffee he gave us for breakfast one morning after we had been his guest for the night. But we're not going to let that spoil our beautiful friendship.

Conception

Deep in the Lehigh Valley, at a certain libido-checking station we know of, a strong man nurses his shame. He had the reputation of being the Clark Gable type until a very short time ago. We will tear apart the veil of secrecy which surrounds the incident. On the wings of a storm, a poor, deserted, expectant mother came into his place seeking shelter. After looking into her pleading, madonna-like brown eyes, he could refuse her nothing. And so the blessed event took place under his protection. He was a father to her progeny, treating them like his own flesh and blood. But that is not all. The other day we walked in and found him nursing one of the youngsters. That is going too far. We wouldn't do that for any mongrel pup. Both the bitch and her puppies are doing as well as can be expected.

Charivari

We, being of the timid and retiring type, always have a certain amount of respect for the toughies who are able to answer an irate prof's sarcasm in kind. One student of this type came but recently to

our attention. The scholar, we shall call him Hungerdinger, was seated in a small recitation group, intent upon a paper on his desk, and apparently oblivious of the instructor's efforts. The prof noted Hungerdinger's abstraction, and determined to examine the cause. He approached the desk, and peering over the student's shoulder, saw that the object of his efforts was the sketching of a large, lovely, and abandoned nude. Unable to restrain his righteous indignation, the professor burst forth into violent vituperation. "Mr. Hungerdinger," thundered he, "Your lazy, inexcusable, and pernicious methods of wasting the classe's time with lecherous drawings is not only an insult to your own intelligence, but to myself and to the University." Mr. Hungerdinger said nothing. "Mr. Hungerdinger," vollied the prof, "have you nothing to say for yourself?" "Yeah," answered the stooge, "there is one thing I would like to say. What the hell is lecherous?"

Americana No. 6

With a certain amount of trepidation, we print a very amusing message. Rumor has it that this note was left by a Polish maid as a reminder to her mistress that it was necessary to make a certain phone call. We got it from one of the West Third Street houses, and if you have any complaints, we'll ship it right back. The note read: mzm x kuldop zozun ykom kulrop nemera owlet tzgonabe kolrop. The translation, as it was given to us, reads: Mrs. Max calledup. Sosoon youcome, callherup nomatter howlate itsgonnabe, callerup.

Divertisement

We had felt that we were pretty well experienced along the lines of dramatic art after seeing Mustard and Cheese do its bit for lo these many years, but it remained for Thanksgiving Vacation and New York City to give us the finishing touches. It was in a small and dubious club in Greenwich Village, about two in the morning. We had wandered in along with a more experienced friend of ours, to look the place over. An entertainer was on the stage at the time, engaged in a dialogue between Mae West and Zasu Pitts, which was very diverting indeed. He continued his performance with an impersonation of Helen Morgan in a lighter moment, which was still more amusing. But our personal all-time high for laughter was recorded when, a few minutes later, he gave a perfect pantomime imitation of Queen Victoria inspecting the first flush-toilet . . . What fools we mortals be.

Waitah!

A clever racket was recently brought to light at one of Boston's hot spots by an observant head waiter. He had been having tables reserved at different times under the name of a certain doctor. Inquiry showed him that no such doctor was listed in the city directory. It so happened that during the next week on three successive nights voices claiming to be the doctor called for tables. The waiter took careful note of the appearance of these parties, and found that there was an entirely different set of people in each group. He finally got hold of one of the Doctor Xs and quizzed him, with the following results. It seems that a group of some twenty students had agreed to reserve seats and tables, whenever they went out, under the name of this doctor. The idea was that head waiters, finding Doctor X such a good patron, would always reserve the best table for him and his party. All very harmless, but very mysterious.

To the End

And while we're on the subject of Texas Guinan, let us give you an example of her extraordinary potency. Even from the grave she demanded publicity, and went so far as to paper the house. We print a copy of the passes which were given out at this time.

Please Admit Bearer to
CAMPBELL FUNERAL CHURCH
Broadway at 66th Street, New York
For Funeral Services of the Late
MARY L. C. (TEXAS) GUINAN
On Sunday, November 12, 1933 at 2 p. m.

Our New England conservatism swelled on the day following Thanksgiving Day while desperately attempting to guide our chariot through the narrow confines of Washington Street in Boston when we found ourselves checked by a surging mob of Bostonian humanity and also by one of Mayor Curley's blue-coats. Slow movement in Boston traffic is not new to us but our curiosity was aroused and, like our New England conservatism, swelled. We looked about for the cause, the whence, why, and wherefore of Back Bay's outpourings upon Washington Street at the particular moment when we were so anxiously trying to reach Boylston Street. On our left we discovered two theatres, one of which appeared to be the goal of the obstacle in our road. All were headed for the theatre presenting "Little Women" while next door Mae West's hip-shaking "I'm No Angel" remained unsought, unattended and



"She was only an Arab's daughter, and she was always intense"

forlorn. We were stricken with the thought that Horace Greely's "Go West, Young Man" was no longer suitable in this day of the NRA, the CCC and the myriads of alphabetically named organizations. On the train to Bethlehem a few days later, much to our dismay, and to the deflation of our conservatism, a Lehigh cohort, who is a Bostonian, rescued us from the horns of our pet dilemma by explaining that Mae West was appearing in her second run showing and that she had already played in Boston for three weeks previously.

Subway Soliloquy

On our infrequent visits to New York we see many strange and baroque sights novel to our Bethlehem tastes. Like all other Hinterlanders we are impressed by the subway, especially the new and inordinately clean Eighth Avenue line. The station walls are, strangely, bereft of advertisements, although a hopeful management has provided geometrical spaces of concrete on the tiled ways for the billboards yet to come. In lieu of advertisements the ever present wall-scribblers, (you've seen their works in the oddest places, no doubt) have found full play for their guileless pastime. On the Seventy-second street station walls we culled the following "BUY AMERICAN GOODS AND GIVE US WORK" . . . fallacious theorizing in the opinion of

(Please turn to page twenty-seven)

BACH on BROADCASTING

Radio is the new entertainment field, usurping the unqualified attention that was formerly lavished on the silver screen, but a visit behind the scenes in a big time broadcasting palace does much towards disillusioning the most ardent dial-twirler. For here everything is methodical, machine-like. The warm love duets that thrill the fans from coast to coast are sung by aged couples, the shrill jesters that make the country laugh are sober looking fellows who read their lines into the microphone, and the top notch radio bands sit around in their shirt sleeves. There is not much glamour up at the National Broadcasting Studio's new headquarters in New York's Radio City.

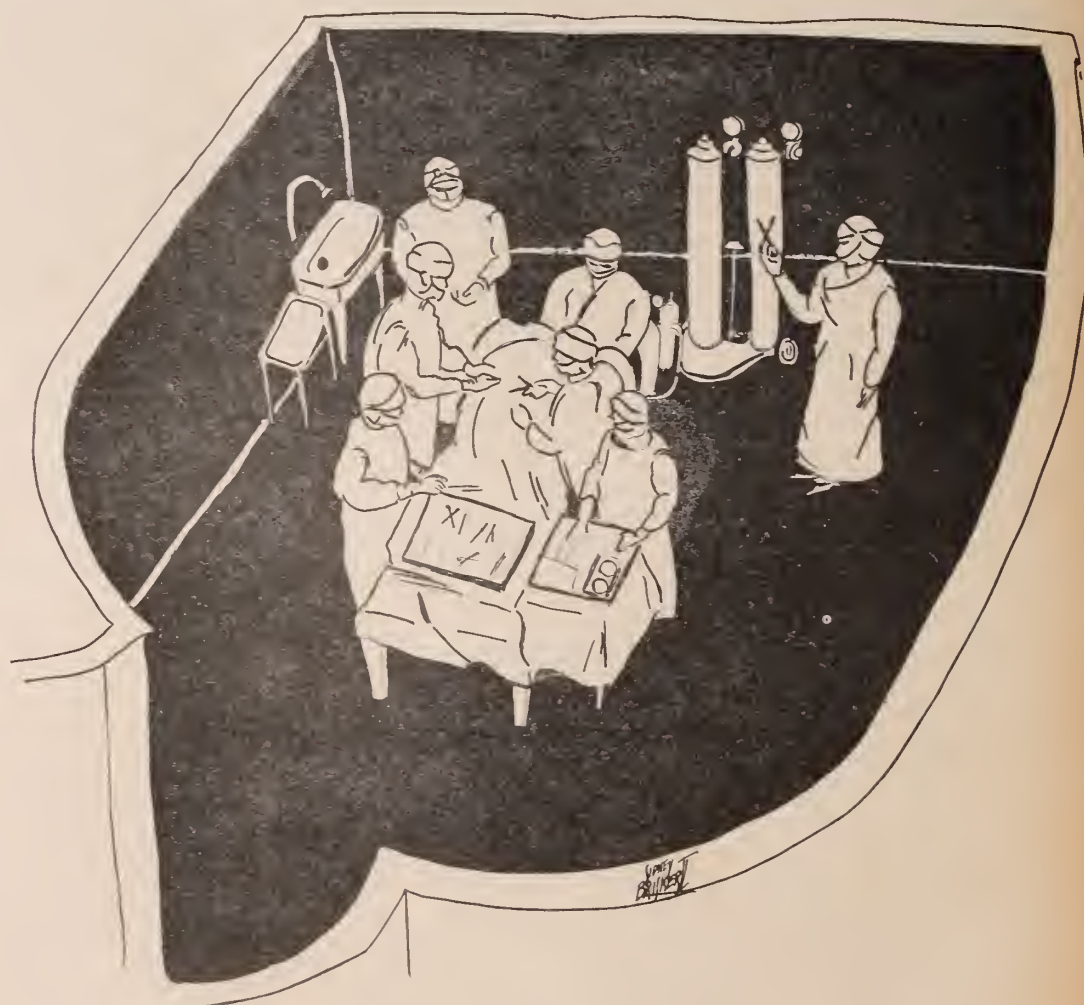
It is twenty minutes past nine up at the NBC and Leo Reisman's program for Nonesuch Mincemeat is readying itself for the air. Outside the modern doors to studio 8H an electric sign spells out "Rehearsal" in red letters and the invited guests pour in past the uniformed gate-tenders. At one end of the high, green-walled studio is banked the Reisman orchestra. The trumpet player is chatting with the fellow that blows the trombone, the piano player is filing his nails, and Reisman, unshaven and rumpled, peers at the score over his glasses. He taps his baton on the music rack and they run through the intricate introductory measures to a Jerome Kern number. Suddenly a voice blares out from the amplifier over the control room in the rear.

"Brasses too soft on the break, Leo." Leo nods his head and tells the brasses to "give him a little more in that spot." They run through it again. Reisman bends over the microphone in front of him. "that better?" "O. K.," comes the voice, "three minutes

to go." They try another number, a slow waltz. The string section fails to pick up the beat fast enough and are berated in no uncertain terms by their fiery leader. He continues his razzing as the clock speeds ahead and the audience lean forward to pick up every confidential word that is uttered. One minute to go. The maestro gives his men their last minute instructions, like a football coach in the locker room. The Yacht Club Boys in full dress with red carnations file to the front and the tall announcer sets himself in front of the "mike" with his sheaf of advertising palaver. The

red minute hand points to ninety-three. The studio is hushed, expectant, the performers watch the glass-panelled control room for the signal. Zero hour at NBC. A voice blares through the speakers, "This . . . is the National Broadcasting System W.E.A.F., New York." The upraised arm in the control room swings down and so does Reisman's baton, sending the orchestra into the wailing theme melody of "St. Louis Blues." The clarinetist who plays the hot, screaming solo is a bespectacled, old gentleman that looks like Victor Moore. The rows of spectators

(Continued on Page twenty-three)



Pardon me. May I cut in?"

*A Rose by
Any Other Name*

THE LEHIGH - LILY -

PRICELESS!

CHORINE COWERS IN CLOTHES CLOSET

GAS-MAN GARNERS GIRL IN GLOSET

By the Inhibitive Reporter

Joseph McFoolle, inspector for the Pennsylvania Power and Light Company reported to the police that he had discovered Miss Tillie Schwenkle in a clothes closet in a North Bethlehem apartment house. The young lady, one of Bethlehem's exponents of the art terpischorean and widely known in Allentown, Kutztown and Emaus, was found in a semi-nude condition, apparently hiding. Patrolman Flutz who was detailed by Chief of Police Trafford, reported that the young lady told him to "Scram." Patrolman Flutz further reported that in accordance with Section 18907 of the policeman's handbook, reading, "A Boy Scout (or policeman) is always obedient," carried out the order given by the charming young lady, still deshabelle.

Further investigation of the incident by Sargeant Butzwhistle of the Twenty-first Precinct disclosed that Miss Schwenkle was within her rights in hiding in the closet. According to the demure dancer it was her apartment and she



*Tillie Schwenkle
Closeted Chorine*

thought that Mr. McFoolle was the butcher, whom she usually denies admittance. Mayor Poofle, in commenting on the case said that he was opposed to a general practice of young ladies with scanty

BETHLEHEM BEAUTY BIDS BOBBY BEGONE!

clothing hiding in closets but since it was her own closet it would be all right this time, but no more, Miss Schwenkle.

The furor created has led to the girls at Liberty High school forming a "Hiding-in-the-Closet Club," for it appears that Mr. McFoolle is popular amongst the younger set.

Miss Schwenkle's only comment was "Bethlehem ain't what it used to be. At one time a woman's home was her castle and now she ain't safe in her own closet. Next year I'll be twenty-one and you can bet that I'm gonna vote for the candidate who assures us freedom in our closets."

When asked if by that remark she meant she favored a municipally owned utility plant, Miss Schwenkle replied that she was definitely against publicly owned power plants for in that event she supposed that Mayor Poofle would "bust into my closet" and she affirmed that she would prefer Mr. McFoolle to do the "busting in" as she coyly expressed it.

REFORMERS ROUND-UP RED-HOT RHUMBA ROWDIES

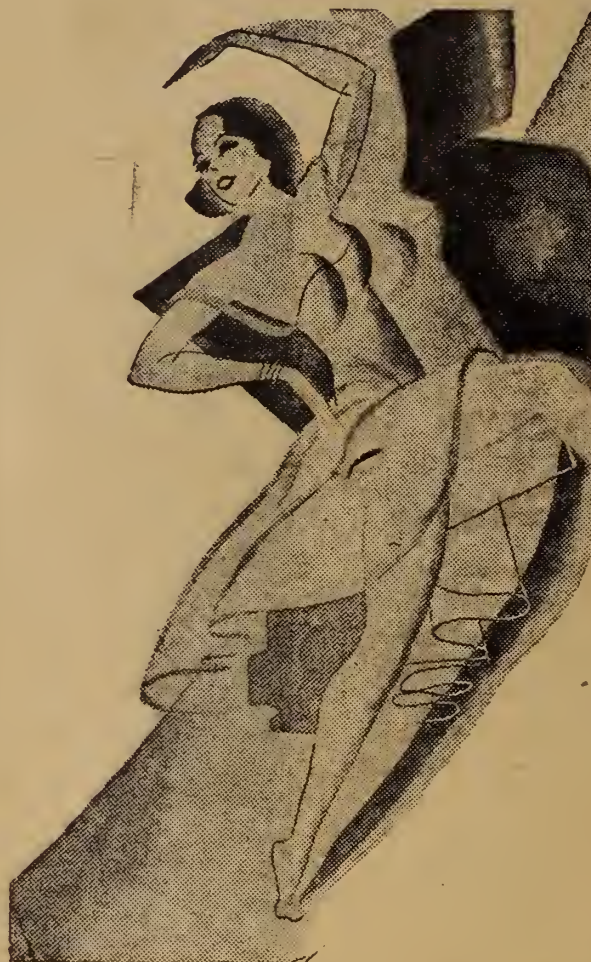
Whilst local lads listened to languid lullabies lulled by loose ladies, a group of our foremost reformers took it upon themselves to raid that red-hot den of sin, known as the "Bolonial Tavern." The Rendezvous was overcrowded with a clique of collegiate clientele, whose sole source of pleasure was in the rhythmic swaying of sepien hips, and blasts from the bleating horns.

The raiding party, led by Ted Frafford, erstwhile Commissioner of Police, entered the alleged building by means of a ladder placed next to a second story window. Unknowingly, the party climbed through the open window into the ladies' rest room.

The embarrassed emissaries of the law encountered a lone occupant of the room and left with a polite and tactful "Pardon me, Sir."

After gaining entrance to the main floor of the establishment, our crusader against can-can contortions, and his cohorts threw the place into complete confusion. The customers were herded together for safe keeping until the arrival of the Black Maria, while the dancing damsels were asked to put on something more appropriate, in order to be received by the Judge. One blase babe, who was upstairs taking a bath, was asked to slip on something and come down, and she embarrassed all concerned when she slipped on a piece of 99 94/100% pure and ruined her career.

At the sound of the screaming sirens, one of the sin sisters ran



for a front seat in the wagon, claiming she had to stand during the last raid. The rest of raidees reluctantly rejoined the young lady for the journey to the jail.

Among those arraigned before Mayor Piffle were the following: Lemmuel Pfft, Editor of Frown and Bite at Lehigh University; Oscar Krout, Head of Phi Phi House at Lehigh; Egelbert Enkronkus, J. Devereaux Sklumptch, Louie Frumtch, student at Lehigh; and John Jones, John Jones and John Jones, three other tramps; and a guy named Smith.

The members of the troupe

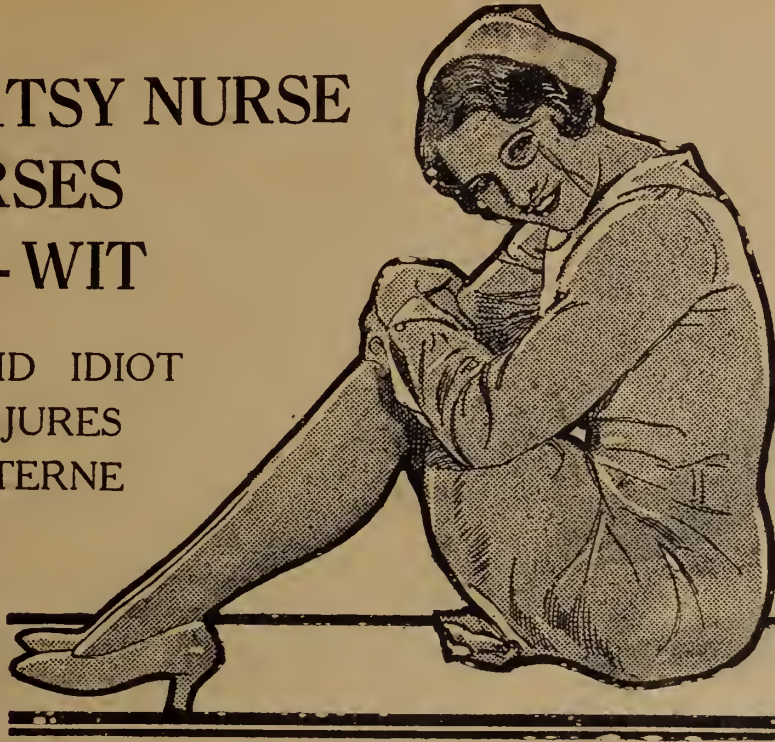
were: Sadie Shaker, Lindy Hop, Can-Can Cantor, Mary Trankch, Sonya Sympcht, and Virginia Ham.

Miss Lindy Hop, whose picture appears with this article, asked for clemency, but she wasn't in. However, the mayor dismissed her because like her father, a former Lehigh student and shoemaker, she had given her awl for dear old Lehigh.

HEY FELLERS
IT'S SKIPPY!!!

NERTSY NURSE NURSES NIT-WIT

INSIPID IDIOT
INJURES
INTERNE



"Pass me the next corpse," bel-
lowed Bascomb as he sat down to
eat. "I'll go you one better," said
Seymour. "Here's two corpse cof-
fee." All this happened last Mon-
day come Michaelmas. But Mi-
chaelmas said no. Still Bolings-
broke Bel Geddes Rachmaninoff
was undaunted. "Speak not thus-
ly of the woman I love," he said
as he gouged out Georgie's glim-
mer. "I'll admit she's a little stiff
now, but you should have seen
her when she was sixteen." Be pa-
tient, dear reader, I realize this
has nothing to do with the head-
line. So now, my beloved clien-
tele, lend thine ear while your
faithful reporter reports.

St. Luke's samaritans were lift-
ed from their lounges by the
sound of a libido (what, again?)
calling in the wildness! Yoo-
hoo! An ominous "heh, heh,
heh," in dulcet tones pierced the
privacy that was once St. Luke's.
"I fear 'tis a lost libido (won't
this ever stop?) returning to the
fold," quoth Quincey. The staff
strained their ears and again

heard the blood-curdling screech.
"Shoot the buck," came the cry;
this time it was a little nearer.
"Covered!" chorused the crew.
But only this and nothing more.

"Let's go out and look for it,"
shouted Schopenhauer Schyak-
ewcz. "I'll lead you on. Give me
libido (oops! I'm sorry) or give
me death!" This from Throck-
morton Thompson as he ran reck-
lessly through the door. "I'm go-
ing too. I'm not afreud." (Pretty
pediculous pun, Peter m'lad, and
plenty old.) The punner in the
aforesaid was Paracelsus Pwme-
lph, who was generally as cheer-
ful as a Bolshevik in the time of
the Czar.

Everybody ran out and around
the maypole. They then dashed
off except Hezekiah Heeple who
was caught in the streamers. Left
all alone, Hezekiah pondered ov-
er his fate. Suddenly he heard a
tapping coming closer and closer.
"Who is it?" hissed Hezekiah.
Only this and nothing more. "I'll
raise you five," trembled a terse
tenor. "You're faded." "Uh-huh.

I'm just a shadow of my former
self," whispered the wisp. Heze-
kiah, still stranded in the strands,
asked again, "Who be you?"
Back came an answer, "Dot's
I'm." Said Hezekiah, "Come,
come. Enough of this evasion.
Who the hell are you?"

"Well," began the beginner,
"I'll tell you. Once upon a time
Lehigh had a (I knew it) libido—
not an ordinary one, mind you. It
was up on the breast of that
mountain they all talk about. Le-
high, through carelessness lost it.
The student body searched for it
frantically. Every beer joint be-
tween Nazareth and Phillipsburg
was gone through, but the search
availethed nought. Meanwhile the
libido (I hope this is the last time)
was out in the cruel, cruel world
with William."

"Did William tell?" (Get it
Alphonse? Get it?) interrupted
Hezekiah, the old interrupter.
"And who was Lafcadio Hearn?"
Johnson didn't know.

"You can't fool me," lisped the
loquacious libido. (This is the last
time. I promise!) "He was the ar-
chitect of the Taj Mahal. Please
don't get dadaistic. Be gagaistic.
Read the ads (Cedar Crest please
note) and get rid of your ozoto-
mia."

"Whoa!" Whoad our old friend
Hezekiah. "Before we go any
further we've got to get a moral
for this classic bit of didacticism."

"This is a newspaper story,
not a fable."

"Let's end it with a moral any-
way. We could use a very old one
and say 'A friend in need is a
friend to keep away from' or
something like that."

"Well, all I can say is I'm sorry
I trusted you. Goodbye." And
the libido (kill that guy!) van-
ished never to return.

Love Lingers Listly on the Lehigh



Lovers
Laugh
at
Life on
the Lehigh
River

"Where the Lehigh's rocky rapids, rush from out of the west," was played to a different tune late last P. M., when a young couple was taken aback by the intrusion of our very insolent cameraman who snapped them in a very compromising position.

That member of our staff having heard that all drinks must be served sitting down, was rushing to the last roundup at Miceys, and on his way over that famed slave market, the Hill to Hill Bridge, he noticed a lone craft careening crazily over the rippling rapids, of dat ole debbil, Lehigh River. "Can this be possible," he shouted. "No," cried a prankish passerby, "This is Bethlehem." Disregarding the derision of the duffer, our picture snatcher stole swiftly down to the river bank to see what he could see, to see what he could see. Tra la la. (This is a story, not an operetta, dope)

Sensing something phoney, the

photographer phound the philanderer phlirting with the phlapper. The phemale phainted, her libido had been phrustrated. (Phew! I'm phamished.) Stealthily the snap-shotter stepped into the scene.

There was the above pictured couple meticulously mating in the mellow moon-light, having discovered that Ox-Road can also be a canoe in the Lehigh River. She murmured, "Whisper sweet nothings in my ear." He leaned over, placed his lips near her ear and whispered, "Sweet Nothings." Adroitly, the intruder arranged his apparatus and adscitiously announced, "Watch the Birdie." Before he could say "Jacob Robinsonskawicz and wife and kiddies took a stroll through Central Park," he was given the birdie, a loud lingering one, which stung both his ears.

Pretending to be petulant he left in a huff, a 1933 model Huff

with synchro-mesh transmission and red wire wheels (remember it in Ballyhoo last year) while the capricious couple paddled their own canoe.

LEHIGH LOVER LOSES LIBIDO WITH LISTERINE!

Cadwallader Cholmondley Corpuscle's Chattel Chiseled!

Early this Sunday morning, the brethren at the Phee Phi Pho Phum (I smell the blood of a Lehigh bum) house, lost their sang-froid when they saw brother Corpuscle enter the dining room without his libido! The room was thrown into disorder. (Time out while a freshman puts it in order again)

"Where," demanded Phee, Phi, Pho, and Phum in unison, "where, where is thine libido?" . . . "Where," queried Cadwallader Cholmondely Corpuscle querelously, "is your sang-froid?" The brothers were non-plussed (x minus y) as they watched comrade Corpuscle lose his true blue hue, turn red and then white, and lymph out of the room.

Napo and Leon, the house's Hawkshaws, stole stealthily after him. They couldn't find him for the nonce. So they told the nonce to come back in an hour. Suddenly the sleuths saw someone step into a small room. A mellifluous monotone flowed through the foyer. "Oh! You take my breath away!" The bulls burst brutally into the room to find our hero leering listlessly at a lager of Listerine. (An old gag, Jeeves. An old gag.) "Show us your libido!"

demanded the delirious detectives. "Boys," bawled brother Cadwalader, "I've a confession to make. My libido has been frustrated!" And the tears came coursing down

his kisser.

Gentle reader, can you imagine how the physiognamies of Napo and Leon phell upon hearing this? Can you imagine the seriousness

of the matter? Do you know what the frustration of one's libido means? Do you? If you do, please write to me and tell me what the hell a libido is.

TRINA TROSSY'S TALKIE TRIPE



By Tony O'Cohen

... Dame Rumor has it (oh she has, has she?) that Greta Garbo refuses to play in the **House of Seven Gables** ... "One Gable is enough, do you 'ear me?" she informed ye scribe ... I'll Bette Davis is going to win the role ... Baby Leroy has accepted the part of Brigham's Young in **Whattaman, the Saga of Celibacy** ... Helen Twelvetreets will not play the bough or the wilderness in the **Rubaiyatt** ... Mae West has the title role of **Little Lord Fauntleroy** ... her next screening will be **California or Bust**, which will stand out as a mountain in the morass of movies of the next season ... Sigmund Freud will direct ... Gary Cooper, the strong, silent man of the talkies will sing **After the Ball was Over** in his next release which will be a football picture ... The Mickey Mouse association of Associated Mickey Mouse Musical Associations will play **Garfinkle's Rhapsody** in

Pink in the next Disney **Dizzy Drama** ... Charles Butterworth will star in **Tarzan of the Shapes** ... Ben Turpin has signed for Ryskind and Kaufman's **The Ayes Have It** ... Secret spy number 978,264 to the nth power, informs your favorite commentator (heh, heh) that Joe E. Brown has a brother whose labial palps go through more gyrations than his own ... This brother teachers economics at a university in Eastern Pa. (haw!) ... **There is no truth to the rumor that Jimmy Durante was used for a snow-plow when a little boy** ... Jackie Cooper and Kate Smith have gone in for adagio dancing ... Jackie is some broadcaster ... **Flash! John, Lionel, and Ethel Barrymore** have signed to play **The Three Little Pigs** with Ralph Morgan as the B.B.W. Add song sequences: **Ah Sweet Mystery of Life, My Sin, Shuffle Off to Buffalo, Honey-moon Hotel, Trouble in Paradise, and The Three of Us** ...

MARAUDERS MAUL MOLLS

Open hostilities previous to their big game broke out for the first time in seven years between the student bodies of Flehigh and Fallyette the other night. It was all due to the yens of one man from each school over the person of Aggie Twittlebottom, of Freemansburg.

Aggie, a comely blond siren, has been the "steady" of Wallingford Wallflower, a senior at Fallyette, ever since he was a freshman. When William Dalton, brother of the famous Jack Dalton, 'XX, and a junior at Flehigh, returned to school this fall he met Miss Twittlebottom and proceeded to go hot after her.

But Wallflower was not to be cut in on. He asked, even threatened, our Bill to lay off his Aggie. But Dalton did not heed his warnings. Accordingly, when the time for the big game neared, Wally decided to get his revenge by inciting his schoolmates to raid the Flehigh campus. They did, and stole an enormous banner, 500 feet long, with the words "Beat Fallyette" on it.

Flehigh was not to be outdone, however. Rallying round their chum, they went to the Fallyette campus the next evening. There, after a bitter struggle between the two student bodies, the Flehigh students succeeded in capturing the sword from the statue of the Count de Fallyette. Vengeance was satisfied so everybody went home to a peaceful night's rest.

THE LEHIGH LILY'S LITERARY LIBIDO
(Being several biting satires on the leading literary lights of our day)

"After Such Parkers"

Jean Summers ran off several wisecracks and then stretched out on the long, modernistic piano, knocking over ten or twelve highball glasses. Jean had had sixteen old fashioned, three dry martinis, and a quart of cod liver oil so naturally she was feeling a wee bit tight. Mr. Harrison strode into the room, carrying some cracked ice and a can opener.

"Good God, Julie," he said, "you're a wee bit tight."

"I'm Jean Summers," she replied, snatching up another barcardi, "and who are you if I may be so bold?"

"You're tight and I'm Benito Mussolini," he muttered, stopping to kick the prostrate form of Mrs. Harrison out of his way, "where'll we go, we must get away from all this."

Jean took another highball from the side board and made a face like Alexander Woollcott. "God, I love you," she said.

Mr. Harrison kissed her lightly on the forehead and swooned under the piano.

"Let's not kiss," she said, "only ordinary people kiss. What did you say your name was again?"

But Mr. Harrison was out cold now so there was nothing for Jean to do but call up Alexander Woollcott and go to Tony's with him, thus filling up another whole page in *The New Yorker*.

"Murder at Eugene O'Neill's"

Scene: Flannagan's Bowling Alley. One of the lights is flickering as the curtain rises and goes out shortly thereafter, casting a dim and sinister light on the scene. There are pictures of Gloria Swanson and President Taft on the walls, giving the whole place a mask-like appearance and casting a dim and sinister light on the scene. The bowling pins are like masks and cast a dim and sinister light on the scene as they fall to the floor with monotonous regularity. Enter Snipes, an octeroon dope fiend.

Snipes: (pulling out a picture of Paul Robeson in "Emperor Jones") "Lawd, why is I persecuted so? (he pulls out a paper cutter and stabs himself. (aside: I guess this'll show 'em!)

The Kid: "He's dead alright."

Mushmouth: (yawning) "Dead?"

The Kid: "Dead alright. Death is like a long, green overcoat that stinks from the rain and the cold and the sleet. Life is interminable . . ."

Mushmouth: (hits the Kid over the head with a bowling pin, killing him on the spot) "Set 'em up in the other alley, Joel"

(Enter The Theatre Guild to carry out the bodies.)

"Puh-lease, Mr. Hemingway!"

The escalator in Gimbel's basement was hot and

sweaty. Smoke drifted from out the cracks in the machinery and there was a distinct odor of Sloan's liniment. A crumpled piece of tissue paper from off a cracker jack box drifted idly along on one of the moving steps. Jake bumped into a red-headed sales-girl, carrying a dozen egg beaters at \$1.98 each. The girl fell and broke her leg in three places.

"Jesus," she moaned.

"Why don'tcher look where ya goin'?" muttered Jake, picking his teeth with a tie pin.

"Jesus," she moaned. She was thinking of her poor dead grandfather and the sausages that were burning on the stove at home.

A fat woman with a wart on the side of her neck screamed, "You trollop!"

Jake went up to the fifth floor and bought a pair of socks.

"Design for Making Money"

Auchinschloss, an Hungarian writer: "It says here in the *TIMES* that I'm brittle! Brittle, imagine!

Bertha, the mistress of Hethington-Thwirp, Auchinschloss's uncle: "Brittle is a beautiful word."

Auch: (laughs bitterly) "But it is worse on the end of your cigar!"

Bertha: "What does brittle mean anyway?"

Auch: "The only people that are brittle are those that live in Port Chester."

Bertha: "I once had an aunt that lived in Albany."

Auch: "How nice! Was she happy?"

Bertha: "Quite."

Auch: "Rich probably."

Bertha: "Very."

Auch: "I detest rich people. The only thing they know how to do properly is entertain clever young playwrights."

Bertha: "Don't be bitter, darling."

Auch: "Don't be darling, bitter?" (laughs uproariously)

Bertha: "Glass vater, bitter?" (she laughs too. They both laugh about twenty minutes until the audience gets restless)

Auch: "I'm not bitter, it's my lumbago."

Bertha: "Lumbago is a marvelous institution, no household should be without it. Personally, I prefer brittle people."

Auch: "You don't have to sneer when you say that!"

Bertha: "Well, it's sneer twelve o'clock and if you think I'm going to sit here all night and trade stupid banter with you, you're Noel Coward!"

Auch: (throws off alpine costume) "I am!"

Bertha: "Goody! Let's get the butler and all go to bed!"

NEWS INTERLUDE

Edited by NORMAN ALPER

Moscow. December 18, 1933 . . . Upon his return from the Nitchgi-Slovagrodsky Power plant of the Russian government's Novograd project Maxim Litvinof announced that he will open negotiations with the United States to effect an exchange of six thousand long-haired violinists for three thousand short-haired American engineers, at the current rate of exchange. The project, it is understood, will be effected with credits extended by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation or any other financial agent, other than the Russian Government.

Manchuoko. December 17, 1933 . . . The Emperor of Manchuoko has at last been recognized by John Q. Frydeg, resident agent for the American concern of Hwang, Hwo, and Hwee, Chinese bird's-nest soup canners. Mr. Frydeg, while passing the palace of Emperor looked up at the Emperor who was peering from the window and called "Hi, Empie, howsa boy?"

Istanbul, Turkey . . . December 18, 1933 . . . Mustapha Kemal, energetic modernizing dictator of Turkey has decreed against Turkish girls mounting the minarets of the mosques and usurping the muezzins' posts in order to cry down to their Islamic sweethearts "Why don't you c'm up some time."

Chillicothe, Ohio . . . December 18, 1933 . . . Miss Fatty Blympe, Ohio state potatoe eating champion, height six feet two inches, weight three hundred and six pounds declared in a statement (exclusively to the Burr correspondent) that deep down within her she's just an old-fashioned girl.

Moscow, South Dakota . . . December 29, 1933. . . The Association of Northwestern Travelling Salesmen in convention today resolved to go on strike, said strike to last until the end of the Farmers' Holiday.

Athens, Georgia . . . December 19, 1933 . . . Miss Caroline Crimp, relict of an old South-before-de-war-suh family addressed the Federated Women's Clubs of Georgia for sixty-three minuites today without once saying you-all, thus setting an all time Below-the-Mason-Dixie-Line-Refraining record.

Casco, Maine . . . December 18, 1933 . . . The moving picture version of Louisa May Alcott's story "Little Women" was barred from the town hall in this town because, as the inhabitants explained, "We like our women big."

Tiajuana, Mexico . . . December 18, 1933 . . . The longest bar in the world will close its doors this month, due to the falling off of trade since American repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The management denies that the famous establishment will be converted into the longest soda-fountain in the world.

Florence, Italy . . . December 19, 1933 . . . Fishington Fyshe-Fyshe, English scholar and writer declared that after investigations of old manuscripts in this city, he believes that Leonardo de Vinci was really Bacon. Cabled retorts of the British "We-Think-Shakespeare-Was - Bacon" Society branded Fyshe-Fyshe as a simpleton and accused him of having an over-developed imagination.

Rejkinivork, Iceland . . . December 17, 1933 . . . Icelanders want Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh to come back soon.

Paris, France . . . December 17, 1933 . . . French populace requests that Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh return to France soon.

Natal, Brazil . . . Brazilians request that Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh come back to Brazil soon.

Gowatchaneg, French Indo-China . . . Native chieftains request that the Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh do not slight this village of 2,300 inhabitants and visit here soon.

Chumley-on-the-Chumley, England . . . Sir Chlmondeley-Chumley, R.B., A.C., F.W.D., V.T.S., desires that the Colonel and his lady, meaning the Lindbergh's, visit him at his Chumley-on-the-Chumley estate before the ending of the grouse hunting season.

Englewood, New Jersey . . . December 19, 1933 . . . Mr. Jon Morrow Lindbergh, requests that Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh visit Englewood soon. He expressed his invitation in the succinct statement to the press saying only "Maaaaaa."

Dunkirk, Scotland . . . December 16, 1933 . . . Angus MacTwiddie, venerable sage of the Scotch highlands extends his blessings to the Lehigh BURR, saying that there'll always be a Burr awaiting Lehigh men on his parlor sofa.

THAT DISEASED BUT OBSERVANT OLD LEHIGH MIND TURNS TABLOID

Pax Vobiscum
Hic Haec Hoc
Omnia Gallia
In Tres Partes
Broke
What a Linguist
What a Brain
Whoops M'Deah
I'm Loose Again



Baderschneider, Baderschneider
Abandon All Fear
You'll Never Be Able
To Sell Lehigh Beer



Ode to the League of Nations
Thanks to Russia
For the Word Hooley
But to Hell With China
Because of Chop Suey



There's a Gal in Town
Named Sally Bly
Pretty Kid
Not Bad
Not Good
I Dunno Her



Girls With
White Dresses
Resent My
Caresses

President Roosevelt
Looky Here
Inflation **Always** Follows
Beer



Mark Twain Said
That a Certain Number
Of Fleas Is Good
For a Dog
But Does the Dog Know It?
Mebbe
But I Don't Think So



What's Become
Of the Nudists Bold
I Guess They've Reneged
Because of the Cold



When the Chi Psi Fish
To Heaven Go Up
I Suppose They'll Be Buried
In a Lilly Cup

The Other Night
I Had a Dream
That the New York Yankees
Had Traded Babe Ruth
To the Boston Braves
For Primo Carnera
And Benito Mussolini
In Order to Gain the Favor
Of Mayor Fiorello La Guardia



Little Miss Muffit
Sat on a Tuffit
People Have Made
A Helluva Lot of It



Recognition of Russia
Is a Great Boon
Caviar
Will Be Cheaper
I hope
Soon

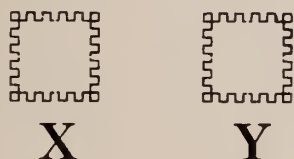


I Find the Muse
Stealing Over Me
Embracing Me
Caressing Me
Imploring Me
Exhorting Me
To Give Up
Writing Poetry

Inflation a Boon to Housekeeping, and How to Get It Started on Cold Days

Well, to begin with, several of our faithful readers (the one up in Hartford, if you must know!) have been bombarding us with questions pertaining to the new RFC gold policy and other matters of national importance. We have also received a request for "Ghunga Dhin" which will have to wait. So herewith we present a concise and clarified account of questions of the moment as we receive them from our scouts in Washington.

GOLD AND THE DOLLAR: Firstly (it is a rule of long standing that every political review should begin with the word "firstly") in order to grasp the full

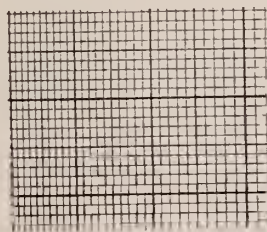


X—Gold in a 1933 dollar.

Y—Gold in a left bicuspid filling.

significance of the administration's money policies, one must take into consideration the relation of gold to the U. S. dollar. Current talk is to the effect that gold is nothing more than a second cousin to the dollar on the mother's side and is constantly snubbing the latter when they meet on the street—which is quite seldom. To grasp the full significance, as we have said before, one should remember to keep the fingers well apart (see illustration 8A and B) and brace the legs so as not to be thrown off balance. Wall Street is of the opinion that the reason we have heard so little about both gold and the dollar is that they

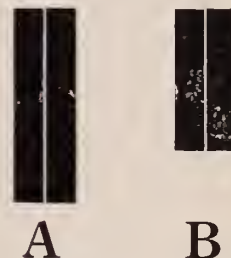
are both in hiding, but then you know Wall Street! At any rate, a relief party has been rushed to the new Eighth Avenue subway. Now let us look at stabilization. Having thus disposed of stabilization, let us consider the question of the commodity dollar. It is best to consider the commodity dollar while lying flat on your back with a bottle of spirits close at hand. "What is the commodity dollar?" most people will want to know. (See "commodity dollar" in "What Is the Commodity Dollar?" by Jones or Smith or somebody). The President is of the opinion that prices must go up, judging by last week's radio address when he said, "Commodity prices . . . must go . . . up!" But how? That is what industrial leaders all over the land are asking each other this week. Last week they were asking each other how about that five bucks I loaned you? Professor Abagail Firefly of Frisby Aggies holds that the one and only way to do this would be to lead all the commodity prices into a balloon and send the balloon up to whatever height is determined. Professor Fitzthroppington, of the Davey School of Tree Surgery, militant leader of



Rate of payment of the French debt to the United States

the anti-Farley movement, and who doesn't like the other Prof. personally because he eats garlic and sleeps with his socks on, opposes the Firefly plan most bitterly, branding it as "radical"

and its founder a "tool of the ballooning interests in this country." Current speculation in Washington is to the effect that the administration has broken away from the Firefly plan, believing it to be "unconstitutional," "artificial," and "no damned good." Our scouts tell us that the President and his group are now seriously considering the Lasky-Paramount plan which is to have Mae West tell the commodity prices "to come up sometime . . . anytime!" The question is a grave one and bound to cause no little worry in official quarters, half dollars, and dollars. Our opinion is that it is a wheel within a wheel or something equally as silly.



A—Circulation of the American dollar.
B—Circulation of the Lehigh Burr.

CURRENCY AND INFLATION: Currency has been popular for a long time. Nor is the present an exception. The one and only difficulty, authorities agree, is that there is not enough to go around once the government gets finished with building dams no one ever heard of and chiseling huge tabuleaus in the sides of mountains . . . For this reason a Senate investigation has been called to investigate something or other. Their findings will be published in leaflet form in 1939, and will, in all probability, concern Chinese Jurisprudence or Egyptian Pottery. But to get back to currency (which is just what we have been trying to do for some time now), Senator

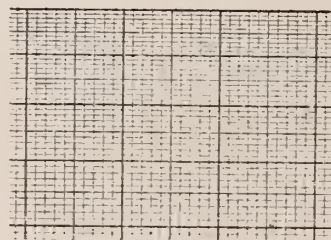
Carver T. Hoofnagle, (D) Rhode Island, is demanding an immediate return to a managed currency of cracker jack boxes. He claims that the way currency has been carrying on lately has been scandalous and cites the the New York phone service, whereby subscribers can dial MERidian-7-2121 and find out the value of the dollar with each minute, as an example. Harvey Phooof, leader of the reactionary or Ipswich (Conn.) movement, ridicules the Hoofnagle plan, adding that if such were the case, France would most certainly corner the East Algerian peanut brittle market, thus depressing not only the world market but also the French women who would have to sleep with a lot of peanut brittle-in-bed-eaters. Our opinion is that a chain is as strong as its weakest link.

INFLATION: Inflation, as you know, was founded in the year 1884 by a Mormon manure dealer who claims he dug it up out of the soil on his farm. Scoffers were

"Mr. and Mrs. Long were married for ten years but they couldn't get along!"



numerous at the time and the eccentricity grew to be known as Frisby's Folly. Each succeeding year the surrounding countryside came to view the new Frisby Folly until Flo Ziegfield bought them and toured the provinces with them. Jenny Lind was still in the chorus and William Howard Taft was growing beards and selling them to the boys at Yale. But suppose we do have inflation? What's the worst that can happen to us? Are we any better off with "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?"



Graph showing the rise and fall of Public Opinion in North Attleboro, Massachusetts, 1910-1933 inclusive.

and "The Last Roundup"? Going back to the year of the bull market in 1928, most of us will remember (with deep sighing) how checks would return from the bank marked "no funds." Today these same checks come back marked "no bank." Truly, it is a grave situation and one that calls for a new system. We might try the Warner system and build a new stadium, or better still, try Technocracy—at least the name sounds inviting. Much is to be said for this point. Pegging wheat sounds like a lot of fun too and much is to be said for this point also.

AGRICULTURE, WAR DEBTS, AND THE BOSTON RED SOX: This brings us to the crux of the situation, though it is a widespread belief that with repeal not only racketeers and bootleggers but crux as well will be driven out of the country. Good riddance to bad rubbish say we.

though one must not forget one's rubbish on a rainy day. Agriculture is in a sorry plight at present. Agriculture has always been in a sorry plight, in fact, to show what good sports we are, we'll give a bronze croquet mallet to anyone who can show us when agriculture wasn't in a sorry plight. So sorry is this plight, that in Nebraska and some parts of Wisconsin there is a move on foot to do away with the name agriculture and substitute Sorry Plight League of America. For this suggestion we hold noth-

ing more than the utmost scorn, with scorn selling at \$10 per bushel on the Chicago market. In tune with these times, the Sorry Plighters might adapt their key letters and become the S.P.L.A. The S.P.L.A. might easily be confused with the S.P.C.A. but then we could always combine the two and inflate it. Much is to be said for this plan, or so say our scouts. Harvard chose to punt at this point and the ball rolled off the field into President Eliot's beard. As the final whistle blew, Army shifted to the right in a double wing back formation and marched off the field behind the U. S. Marine band. Jubilant New Haven students tore down the famous Yale Bowl. (Saay, maybe we're on the wrong page)

The Farm Products Plan of plowing under certain portions of farm land is rapidly growing in popularity until now even the National Broadcasting Company is

seriously considering adopting this policy and plowing under a percentage of Ed Wynn's gags each month. The NBC is also considering buying up some of the cotton surplus, which they in turn will offer to radio listeners to stuff in their ears when crooners take the air. In this manner, radio audiences will merely stuff the cotton in their ears when any program they do not like is broadcast instead of shutting off the machine. This will be of benefit, not only to the listener, but also to the electric company. But, before we leave inflation by the wayside to shift for itself, we should like to explain just why the administration has deemed it wise to consider this expedient for national recovery. The paramount reason for inflation is that it will undoubtedly be of benefit to the debtor rather than the creditor, and we can safely state right here and now that already that plan is debtor than a doornail. Having gotten that pretty lousey gag off our chests, we'll drop inflation, hoping you are the same with love from Aunt Em and the kids. "One reason why the response of prices to inflationary measures has been so slow," comments Rufus T. Fishbien, celebrated U. S. Senator and economist, "is because it has not been fast. Conversely," the famous Senator continues, "I may make so bold a statement as to say that the reason why prices' response to inflationary measures has not been fast is because it has been too slow." Such conjecture is reasonably understandable to most of us but then one must not overlook the fact that the Senators are unduly bitter on this scheme, due, no doubt, to the terrific shellacking they took from the New York Giants. Turning to cotton once again, we find that this commodity has suffered a relapse once again and this may be traced to Kate Smith (as what

cannot?) who has been singing about cotton being forgotten down Dixie way for well nigh onto a year. If Miss Smith says so it's so, but she still refuses to concede the election.

(Ed. note: election returns will be flashed from the top of our tower at ten minute intervals, providing the guy who runs the searchlight doesn't get tight and fall over the railing as he did last year.)

O . B

A—Official U. S. Government pigeon-hole.

B—A pigeon.

Those close to the White House, such as the woman who brings in the laundry, the janitor, and a Mr. Crowder, are of the opinion that the U. S. will eventually recognize Russia, providing, of course, the latter take off those false whispers. The necktie and razor blade industries see no gain for them in Russian recognition



*"He's only a bartender's son
so he oughta be a set-up."*

but then neither does the parchesi board manufacturers nor the dill pickle industry. Which brings us, and right handily too, to the question of Hitler. In conclusion, waste not want not, no left turn on red light, and I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree.

—FINIS—



America's silver coinage contrasted
to the Russian Steppes



"He was only an optician's son; two glasses and he made a spectacle of himself!"

BUST OF LINCOLN IS SOLD FOR \$2,100

—N. Y. Times
And Mae West works for a living!

When is your boy educated? When he has a keen, clean mind, a heart of gold, a white soul, a rich, radiant personality, vitality, will power and manhood supreme. Write for the new Carson Long Plan which educates the whole man. Rates \$5.00.

—N. Y. Sunday Times
But, honey, are you making any money?

LONG TO DISCUSS OILS

—Brown and White
And we long to hear the discussion.

HUNT TEA FOR GIRLS DEBUT

—N. Y. Times
With tea at 27 cents a pound.

GEN. HALLER, HERE, GREETED BY POLES

—N. Y. Times
We remember the good old days when Rudy Valee was greeted by grapefruit.

BETHLEHEM IN LITERATURE DEPT.

"And with this the Dutchman puts a large Betsy back in a holster under his left arm and turns on the gas, and as the old can begins leaving the lights of the town behind, I ask Blondy if he happens to notice the name of this town.

"Yes," Blondy says, "I notice it on the signboard we just passed. It is Bethlehem, Pa."

Damon Runyon's "Three Wise Guys"
Collier's, December 23, 1923

Correction

Through an oversight on the part of two editors, a business manager, seven copyreaders, and a linotype operator, it was erroneously stated in Tuesday's issue of the News that the subject of a talk by Dr. Raschen at the last meeting of the German Club was "Goethe: the Artist and the Man." Dr. Raschen did not speak on that subject. He spoke on "Goethe."

—Pitt Panther

I knew a girl named Passion

I asked her for a date

I took her out to dinner,

And gosh! how Passionate!

—Frivol

A sorority cottage. The phone rings. Twenty girls flock to answer it. In the mad scramble one finally gets the receiver off the hook and answers it. "Hello," she coos.

"Hello, is Boo there?"

"Boo who?"

"There now, don't cry, little girl. Central must have given me the wrong number."

Irate Guest (phone down):
"Say, Night Clerk!"

Clerk: "What's on your mind now?"

Guest: "Mind hell; they're all over the bed."

—Phoenix

"Why all the black crepe on the door? Is your room-mate dead?"

"That's no crepe; that's my room-mate's towel."

—Awgwan

Pullman Conductor: "Boy, what's the idea of the red lantern on that berth?"

Over-Zealous Porter: "Look here, boss. Here in rule thirteen it says—always hang a red lantern, when the rear of a sleeper is exposed."

—Exchange

The new bride was very much concerned upon finding twin beds in the bedroom. When asked what was the matter, she replied: "I certainly thought we would get a room to ourselves."

—Skipper

BACH ON BROADCASTING

(Continued from Page ten)

breathe again, as if they too were relieved of the first minute tension. They beam at one another and make child-like gestures. The announcer stoops over the microphone, virtually smothering the little, black box. But the people in the studio can't hear what he is saying. Maybe it's just as well, too.

The band swings into the snappy measures of the Kern melody that was rehearsed before and the watchers sit forward to see if the brasses will get that break as their leader wanted it. They are happy in the thought that they are privvy to some great industrial secret. They take the break alright and Reisman grins wolfishly. His kinky hair is beginning to fall over his forehead and get in his eyes but he keeps right on, threatening violently with his clenched fist, stroking soothingly with his open palm. He rises on his toes with the high notes, almost crashing down upon the first violinist who looks pretty uneasy in his first pew seat, and crouching like a leopard before the spring with the low, rumbling notes. Every now and then Reisman casts a hasty look over his shoulder to the sentinels in the control room. They nod their heads to say that everything is as it should be. The Yacht Club Boys, four of them, jump to another microphone at the left of the band. They huddle around it, completely hiding it from view, and hop up and down with the bouncing rhythm of their first ditty, "The Great American Tourist." One of the quartette is small and impish, he grins at Reisman and Reisman grins back. Their number over, a small, ordinary-looking girl in evening dress advances on the central microphone with her notes. A man with wavy hair and a moustache joins her.

They are singing a love song but sitting in the studio you can't hear a word of it. The man lifts his eyebrows. He is a master of facial expression but it is wasted on the mute little disc in front of him and the folks by the sides of the nation's loudspeakers. Then comes a small, mouse-like gentleman also in evening clothes. He talks in a full, Southern voice about the merits of the product. "This heah Nonesuch Mincemeat is the BEST Mincemeat on the market . . . etc." The people at home probably get the impression that a big, swashbuckling Kentucky Colonel is talking to them. The little man finishes his spiel and returns to normalcy, slinking meekly back to his back seat perch. Reisman has been whispering words of advice to his first violinist during the advertising interval and a page boy has tiptoed cautiously around the back of the room. The dark, little maestro snaps to attention and starts his boys into a hotcha Gershwin song. The piano player bangs out his chords with boredom written all over his pale pan while the guitarist seems wrapped in his work of picking out stringy themes. The announcer yawns and leans on the piano—he was on a late program the night before—, tugging at his bow tie and glancing now and then at his final routine. The minute hand races towards ten and Reisman again looks for the okay from the mechanical men. The attendants get ready to open the doors to release the flood of humanity—there are about 3 or 4 hundred people in the studio—and several NBC workers begin sneaking for the exit as the band swings into its final number. One last sally of commercial wordage and the show is over for another week. They wait for that same

voice booming, "This . . . is the National Broadcasting System" before relaxing. The guests begin to chatter to one another. "Wasn't it marvelous?" "Simply grand!" The musicians begin to fold up their instruments and Reisman yells instructions to them above the hubbub. Studio hands swarm around, congratulating, advising, picking up wires and other technical equipment. The Yacht Club Boys grab their outer clothes and dash out, headed for their night club, The Embassy Club. The soprano, who a few minutes before had been telling him that she loved him truly, bids the barytone goodnight and makes her departure. The announcer beats a hasty retreat to his favorite speak-easy. The studio is now empty save for one or two musicians having difficulty with their instruments and a janitor with a mop . . . NBC.

●

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blitz, Margery, Phyllis and Charles Blitz, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mills were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blitz at a Thanksgiving dinner on Thursday.

—Pocono Mountaineer

I guess Mills married one of them Blitz girls.

●

In This Here Now
Eternal Triangle Who's
The Never Defined
Hypoteneuse

●

Santa Claus
With Whiskers White
Why Don't You
C'm Up Some Night?

ARBOGAST *and* BASTIAN CO.

MEATS and PROVISIONS

U. S. Government Inspection

ALLENTOWN, PA.

"I am going to buy you a \$10 brassiere for your birthday. What size do you wear?"

"Never mind. Give me the \$10, because I'm flat busted."

—Rice Owl

And there was the little girl who swiped her mother's corset and then couldn't wear it—no guts.

—Panther

There was a woman walking along a busy street one day and it started to rain. And when it had begun to rain quite hard the woman pulled her dress up and put it all the way over her head. A gentleman walking behind was quite shocked at the spectacle which presented itself and so he caught up with the woman and said: "Pardon me, but your legs are exposed."

"That's all right," replied the woman, "Those legs are thirty-five years old and this hat is brand new."

A wealthy client insured her valuable wardrobe while traveling in Europe. Upon reaching London she found an article missing and immediately cabled her broker in New York: "Gown lifted in London." Her broker replied, after due deliberation, "What do you think our policy covers?"

—Exchange

He: "I'm a little stiff from bowling."

She: "Where did you say you were from?"

—Dodo

PASSING OUT

The house was spick and span. The chairs were neatly arranged, the ash-receivers polished, the radio playing softly, It was rushing season.

Gathered around the fireplace were the worthy brothers. On their faces were smiles of anticipation. Steps were heard on the porch. The brothers seemed to lick their chops like hungry wolves. The doorbell rang. There was a mad rush. Out of the melee came Brother Whoosit, college sprint champion, who reached the door first. He opened it.

"Howsah boy?" he shouted, pounding the visitor on the back, "howsah boy?"

"Fine, but——"

"That's great. Like you to meet Brother Soandso, Brother Whatsthematter, Brother——"

"Yes, but I came to——"

"Sure you did, darn glad of it, have a seat. Cigarettes?"

"Thanks, I was just saying——"

"That's O. K., don't let it worry you."

"I was just going——"

"Not already? Why——"

"Stop," cried the visitor, "I'm Balfour's agent and I want to make a date to display our jewelry."

The brothers put their hands to their heads and passed out cold. The agent passed out with a sigh of relief.

Chloe: What you all calls it when a gal gits married three times—bigotry?

Mose: Lawd, no, chile, dat's when a gal gits married twice. When she gits married three times dat's trigonometry.

—Log

"Let's have a kiss."

"Not on an empty stomach."

"Of course not. Right where the last one was."

—Sundial

She: Now before we start this ride, I want to tell you that I don't smoke, drink, or flirt, I visit no way-side inns, and I expect to be back by 10 o'clock.

He: You're mistaken.

She: You mean that I do any of those things?

He: No, I mean about starting for this ride.

—Black and Blue Jay

"What would you say if I kissed you?"

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm."

—Dodo

A Case for the Bethlehem Merchant....



IN recent years travelling representatives of out-of-town concerns have been drawing more and more of your student trade, Mr. Merchant. You, powerless, it appears, have stood silently by and allowed a goodly percentage of Bethlehem's greatest single buying group to pass your doors.

The BURR, a publication by which you are able to carry your sales message without an overshadowing accompanying space dominated by competing out-of-town merchants, will see you and your merchandise to Lehigh . . . student and faculty alike.

A representative will soon call upon you, not just selling something, but with something that will sell your merchandise.



The staff of the Lehigh Burr will gladly assist you in preparing your advertising in a manner appealing to Lehigh

Sanders-Reinhardt
Co. Inc.
Photo - Engravers



THOUGHT, SKILL AND CRAFTSMANSHIP OF A HIGH ORDER ARE DEVOTED TO THE MAKING OF OUR PRINTING PLATES.

711 Linden Street
Bell Phone-28593

ALLENTOWN, PENNA.

Safeguard Your Health

Use

MOWRER'S MILK

Phone 2687

HOTEL BETHLEHEM

FIREPROOF

Offers Lehigh Students' friends and families hotel accommodations to equal that found in the largest cities.

Our facilities are the best for class and fraternity dinners, banquets, etc.

One of these nice old women whose husband has passed on a number of years ago became convinced that she was going to die. So she called her niece in and told her she was going to die pretty soon and that when she died she wanted to be buried in her fine black satin dress. She went on to say also that her niece should cut the back out of the dress and use it for something since it was too good a material to waste. Her niece replied that she shouldn't do that because she'd be terribly embarrassed when she went up the golden stairs with Uncle Charlie without any back in her dress. The old lady replied, "Oh, I won't be embarrassed at all. I buried your uncle without his pants."

A widow visited a spiritualistic medium who satisfactorily produced the deceased husband for a little chinfest.

"Dear John," the widow questioned eagerly, are you happy now?"

"I am very happy," the spook assured her.

"Happier than you were on earth with me?" the widow continued.

"Yes," John asserted, "I am happier now."

"Oh, do tell me, John," the widow cried rapturously, "what it is like in heaven?"

"Heaven!" the spook snapped. "I ain't in heaven."

—Columns

"They've made them take the Blue Eagle out of the Piggly Wiggly store window."

"And what was the reason for that?"

"Because he was shedding all over the vegetables."

—Pelican

**ELECTRIC
LAUNDRY CO.**

PHONE 36

We Use Ivory Soap Exclusively

Fanny had always played according to the rules. She and Hector started the evening in the usual manner by going to a movie . . . "Why Change Your Sox" or something of the kind. Then Hector suggested a ride. Fanny agreed.

When they got out in the country they didn't get out. But he stopped the car.

She knew perfectly well why he had stopped, but she also knew the rules of the game. So she asked:

"Why are you stopping?"

He might have given any one of the usual reasons: to admire the moonlight; trouble with the engine; out of gas; a flat tire—anything. Instead of that he told the truth.

"I'm going to kiss you," he said.

Then Fanny fainted.

Not that Fanny was unused to being kissed, but such frankness was enough to ruin any girl's morale.

—Washington Dirge

●

Sunday services:

A bulletin board outside a church announced
"Do you know what hell is?"

Underneath was printed in smaller letters:

"Come and hear our organist."

—Drexel Drexer

●

JOURNEY'S END

A Play in as many acts as you care to read.

Act I

Scene I

Dusk and dust are falling fast.

Shortest soldier—Blimey, men, 'ere comes the
bloomin' gas attack.

Very short soldier—Blimey, men, 'ere comes the
bloomin' gas.

Short soldier—Blimey, men, 'ere it comes.

Tall soldier—Blimey, men, 'ere it is.

Very tall soldier—Blimey, men.

Tallest soldier—Blimey.

Act 7

Scene 4

The gas attack arrives.

Tallest soldier—(Smiles).

Very tall soldier—(Smiling, he falls).

Tall soldier—(Smiling, he falls dead).

Short soldier—(Smiling, he falls dead and dies).

Very short soldier—(Smiling, he falls dead and dies
soon).

Shortest soldier—(Smiling, he falls dead and dies
soon, too).

E. P. WILBUR TRUST CO.

Fourth Street and Broadway

Bethlehem, Pa.

—

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BURR - LESQUE

(Continued from page nine)

any sophomore with but a smattering of Economics
. . . "MARY SICO 425 West 26th Street, N.Y.C."
. . . at which we look askance with tongue-in-cheek
. . . "Where's Elmer?" . . . and "B. B. LOCK-
WOOD,, KINGSTON, N. Y. . . ." all of which
leaves us with a feeling of doubt as to the sophisti-
cation of New Yorkers . . . or something.

●

Martha (aged 9): "Daddy, is cofferdam a bad
word?"

Father: "No, my dear, it is perfectly all right."

Martha: "Well, my teacher has a bad cold and
I hope she'll cofferdam head off."

—Sour Owl



POSTERIOR SCRIPTS



Last issue we were rather hard pressed for time and what with a Sociology quiz and a few term reports, were unable to aid Wee Burro and furthermore, after summing up the previous issue we discovered that we, with one of our diligent cohorts, had been writing altogether too much of the book by our lonesomes. Accordingly we passed the Managing-editorship with its attendant worries to the editor-in-chief upon whose shoulders lay the paladin-esque task of putting a Burr to press.

That a prophet is without honor in his own country is a truism than which there is nothing truer, at least our experience has shown such to be a case. While we sit diligently at our typewriter, coining gags for Lehigh and striving to produce the **finest college comic** magazine, blase Lehigh, in the manner prevalent these past few years glimpses unconcernedly at our pages and with a stifled yawn says, "Ah, yaws, another Burr," to which bored attitude we subscribing to the statement of one of Lehigh's alumni reiterate that the present student body is for the most part a collection of mental cream-puffs. Of course we

have our moments and our appreciative public. At Wellesley the Burr is rated high, high above the rest of the college comics. At Connecticut College for Women, according to our Alabamian friend the gals study the comics and award the leathern medal to Wee Burro. From all corners of these United States have come favorable comments . . . save that little plot of ground wherein flourish the blase sons of Lehigh. We may seem upset about all this but truly it is a situation to be regretted for we knew Lehigh when activities such as the Burr meant more than a mere point or two to an undeserved honorary society. We knew Lehigh when men, not cream-puffs, labored with true intellectual feeling for the finished product as their only reward. Shades of the 1800's . . . Richard Harding Davis would assuredly have frustrated his genius had he sought only O.D.K. In sermonesque fashion we wish only to warn you freshmen and sophomores that the glory that was Lehigh has waned . . . that the fifty-year old Burr has fallen from a campus activity and that now it is the product of three or four men with faint sprinkling of contributions

from the aspiring editors in the junior or freshman class, whose feeble contributions must be wrested from them forcibly. Evil days have come upon Lehigh, yet the corpse still waxes right merry under narcotic stimulation.

From the December issue of the Burr we wrest this paragraph which appeared in our space under the title of D. H. Lawrence age twenty-one.

Carl, the tall, light complexioned Saxon, disliked by her friends because of his intellectual propensities and his distinterest in their puerile amusements and occupations: he was the man, they the robots! She could not understand how she could have been so blind, so utterly impervious as to suspect his leanings affected. Now she saw the truth of his ideals, of her new ones, and the shallow nothingness of those which she knew were now dead to her, fortunately lost forever. Once this boy and she had been out together; she had gone, well only because no one else offered and she wanted to get out of the house.

To which we must impishly add CARL Brooks Peters, age twenty-one.

The BURRgomeister.

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

TO ALL THE STUDENTS OF LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

from

GIER'S
JEWELRY SHOP

McCAA'S STUDIO

RAU and ARNOLD

THE
COLLEGE BARBER SHOP

STAND BY FOR THE
1934 CHEVROLET
—— HAUSER ——

O'REILLY'S
The Clothing Store with a Punch

LEHIGH STATIONERY CO.
SCHOOL SUPPLIES

THE MENNE PRINTERY

STAR BARBER SHOP
126 WEST FOURTH STREET


PHILLIPS MUSIC STORE
24 EAST THIRD STREET

BROWN - BORHEK CO.

HAFNER MEAT CO. *and*
FIVE POINTS FRUIT MARKET
502 - 504 BROADWAY

UEATA LUNCH

ED. NEWMAN
Things for Men



*Chesterfield—
I enjoy them a lot*



*...to me they're Milder
...to me they TASTE BETTER*

They Satisfy

